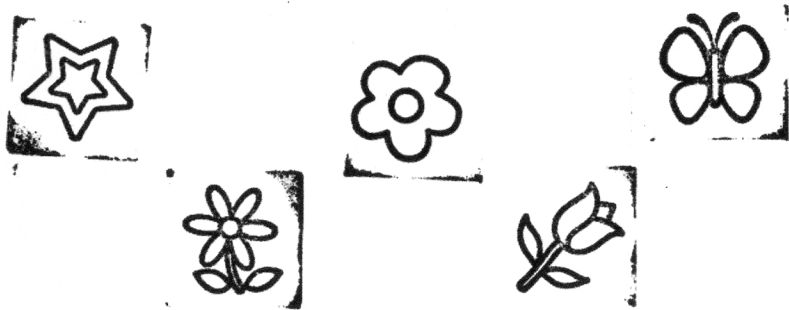


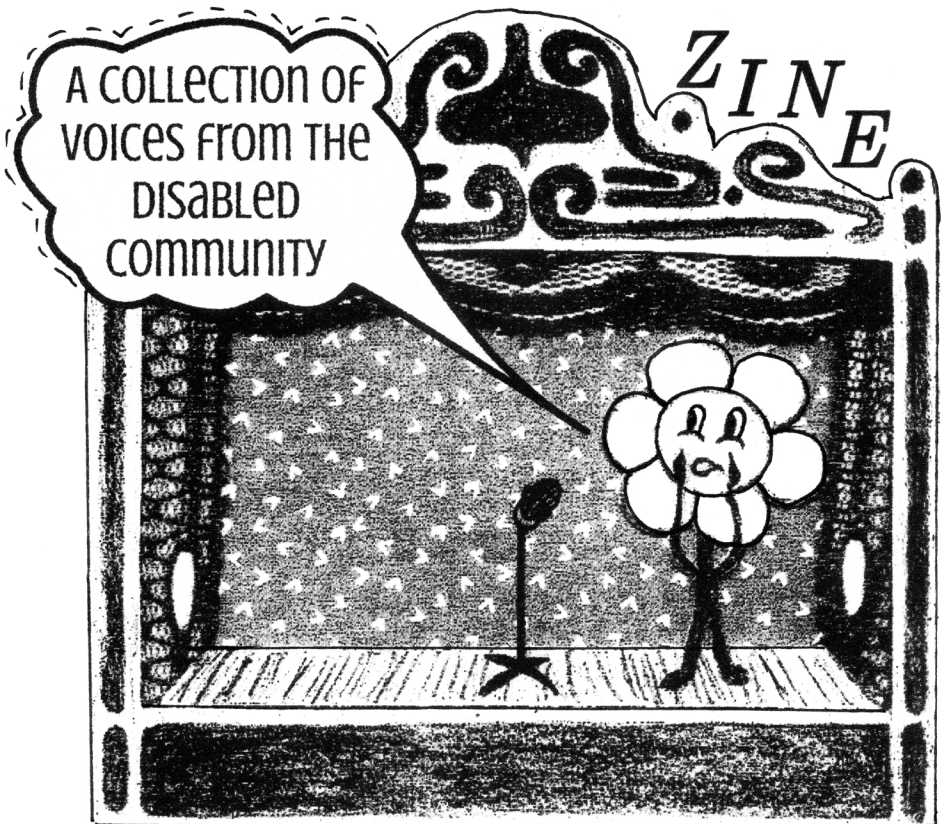
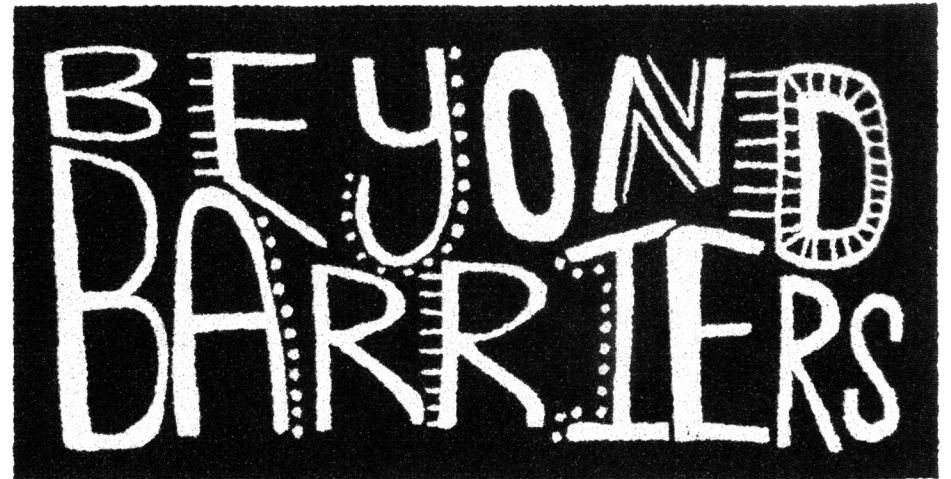
the UnSeen Scene

The Unseen Scene Collective was formed at a community arts workshop at Ajax Library that was facilitated by the LivingRoom Community Art Studio's Mary Krohnert and Areej Mubashar, in the lead up to the Library's Beyond Barriers Art Show in recognition of the International Day of People Living with Disabilities. Contributing participants either identified as living with various visible and invisible disabilities, and/or were allies and caregivers of those who did. Born Belonging is a poem and spoken word piece that developed spontaneously out of participants' art making and discussions around what living with 'no limits' meant to them.



Contact: If you identify as living with a disability or as an ally of someone who does and wish to participate in future Unseen Scene Collective projects,
email: info@livingroomcommunityartstudio.org for more information.

The Unseen Scene December 2025 Volume 1



Designed by Les Soeurs Mystiques • Produced by The LivingRoom Community Art Studio • Special thanks to Ajax Public Library

Thank you to the
**Ajax Public
Library** for
hosting the
workshop at which
the idea for this
zine was
conceived.

**THE
LivingRoom
community
ART STUDIO**

Thank you to the contributing
members of **The Unseen Scene
Collective:** Lisa, Jenn, Cammy
G, Catherine A, Yasmyr B, Areej
M, Sarah, Ashley, Cowboy Sean,
and Mary K.

Thank you to all the writers
for your submissions and for
creating the substance of this
zine. Contributing writers:
Christine Fagan, Steve Bates,
Taylor Coffey, Mitchell Nye, and
Skye.

About The LivingRoom: The LivingRoom Community Art
Studio is a Durham Region based Art Hive and
registered charity that provides opportunities for
people of all ages, abilities, and life experiences
to make and share art for free in service of
community development and individual wellbeing. We
believe that everyone is an artist, and endeavour to
reduce the barriers that prevent individuals and
families from realising their extraordinary
potential as creators and cultural stakeholders in
their communities.

Learn more about us:

at www.livingroomcommunityartstudio.org or
email us at info@livingroomcommunityartstudio.org.

You can also follow us on:

Instagram: @thelivingroomartstudio

Blusky: @livingroomarthive.bsky.social

Facebook: @livingroomcommunityartstudio

YouTube: LivingRoomCommunityArtStudio

THIS ZINE WAS CREATED BY LES SOEURS MYSTIQUES
IN COLLABORATION WITH
THE LIVINGROOM COMMUNITY ART STUDIO
IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN ART GALLERY
WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE ONTARIO TRILLIUM FOUNDATION

Les Soeurs Mystiques is a creative duo by
sisters **Cammy** and **Maya**, conceived circa 2017
and blooming fast. In 2025, they began
selling collage-making kits, sparking a
growing, multifaceted art practice. They mix
textures, colours, and approaches from each
sister's aesthetic to create unexpected
harmony. Follow them on Instagram
[@les-soeurs-mystiques](https://www.instagram.com/les-soeurs-mystiques)



About Maya G

I'm 23 years old. I've been disabled my entire life, but I didn't receive any solid diagnoses until I was 18. It wasn't until about a year later that I finally accessed supports for the first time.

Navigating my disability has always been challenging- but not as challenging as learning to move through a world that often feels like it was built only for "typical" people. throughout my whole life, art is one thing that makes me feel like it was made for someone like me, as there is no guidelines.



About Cammy G

I am a 25-year-old mixed-media artist based in the Durham Region. While navigating co-occurring mental health and neurodevelopmental conditions, I've found solace in making art. My main passion is crochet and knitting, but I love experimenting with new mediums. Collaboration fuels me immensely, so please reach out on Instagram @kindacandy222 if you'd like help with any creative projects.



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Born Belonging.

Co-created by:
The Unseen Scene Collective

It's important for us to remember
that this space holds everyone.
That we can be friends
with what they fear.
We were born belonging.

If we seem too different, too
demanding,
too needy, too strange, too big, too
much,
so much, that they decide it's easier
to not share space
than accept they might fail in
attempting to share it -
we say, ok. Try anyways.

And if you cringe when
parts of who we are
remind you of who you might be,
know that there are times
when we cringe too -
Afraid of being judged,
worried about what others think,
how we will be perceived, or
overlooked.

For believing we are not
what others tell us we should be -
that which we have always been.
For not accepting who we are.

Comfort
in own
skin

living within my
limits

Nothing About us
Without Us.

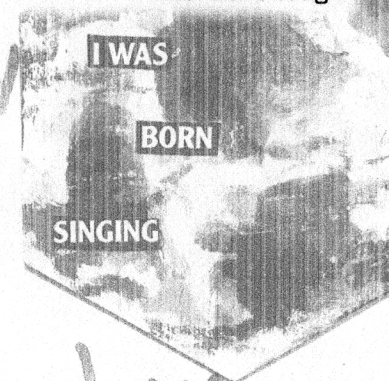
Comfort
in own

Without Us.

I can't deal with any more barriers
I am weak
I hope for a path to be paved for me
but only I put my best interest first

So i sit here and tend to my garden
flowers, vines and trees only as old as me
others see reckless abandon
but this is my happy place
making do with what I have
accepting grace like a much needed rain fall

i am fine i am fine
i am fine
fine is enough



Author: Cammy G

walls walls walls

all around us

we can pretend they aren't there
but that's like charging full speed towards the prison gate
hoping the bars magically bend before impact
any other approach is met with disapproving stares
why must we get hurt trying

they hand you the key if you present them a label
but the label is locked behind another gate
perceived struggle vs. internal struggle
performing for the gawking audience
still, they only see a fraction.
the crowd roars, only if you check all their boxes

finally, they hand you the key
you open the door
only to be met with an even taller wall with no door in sight
I thought if I spoke their language they would understand
but they don't have a word for what I'm feeling

Limiting
Beliefs

And, we are.

And we are all in this together.

We are more than our anxieties,
we are too much of a good thing,
We are enough, and so much more
than they imagine.

We live with open minds and open hearts,
and let these sweet instincts guide us.

We are not defined or limited by
what others think of us.

We exist as we are, taking pleasure
in pursuing our own truths, entering any space
as our most authentic selves, in the knowledge
that we are powerful, and that our role
in community is to empower, to be a good ally,
and to believe in the potential of
those around us, because we understand
what may have been forgotten,
that we were born belonging.

I am Invisible

Author: Christine Fagan

I struggle in the silence

Yet the voice in my head can be violent

When I'm over confident it could be a sign

Finding balance invisibly I feel out of line

I start and I stop and few comprehend

It's easy to get obsessed with the latest trend

My tears are visible but the reason why is not

Some day I hope to understand my plot.....

For now I am invisible

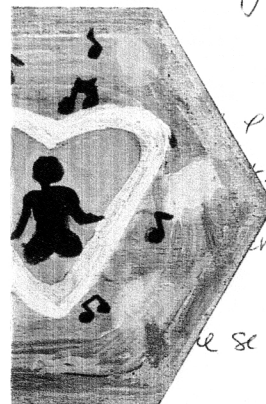
About the writer:

It was the summer of 2009 when I just finished my first year of university, intending to have the summer of my life until things went downhill and I found myself hospitalized and diagnosed with bipolar disorder. Since then there have been highs and lows which I love to express in art and writing.



Contact Info: @LadyAcel1984 on Instagram and TikTok

street instincts guide



myself and those around

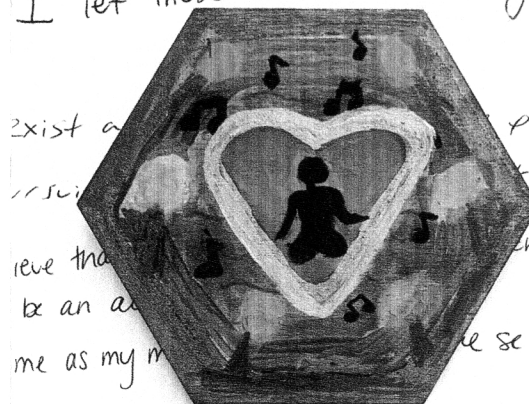
anxieties; I am too much
thing; I am not defined
what you think of me.

please
know safety
embrace your
self.



barrier (bar' i ēr) n. Anything that prevents or obstructs passage or advance. Syn. Bar, barricade, hindrance, obstacle, obstruction, restraint. Ant. Entrance, opening, passage.

I ~~am~~ live with ~~anxiety~~ people get through by
Mind + heart so much acceptance.
I let these sweet instincts guide me all the same.

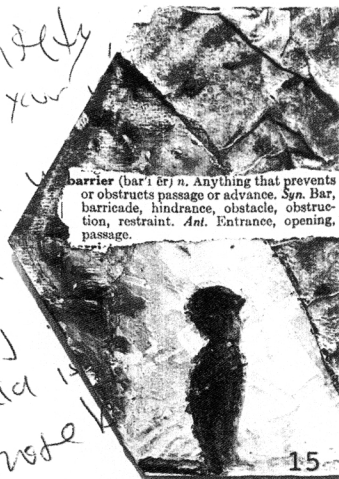


believe in the power of myself and those around

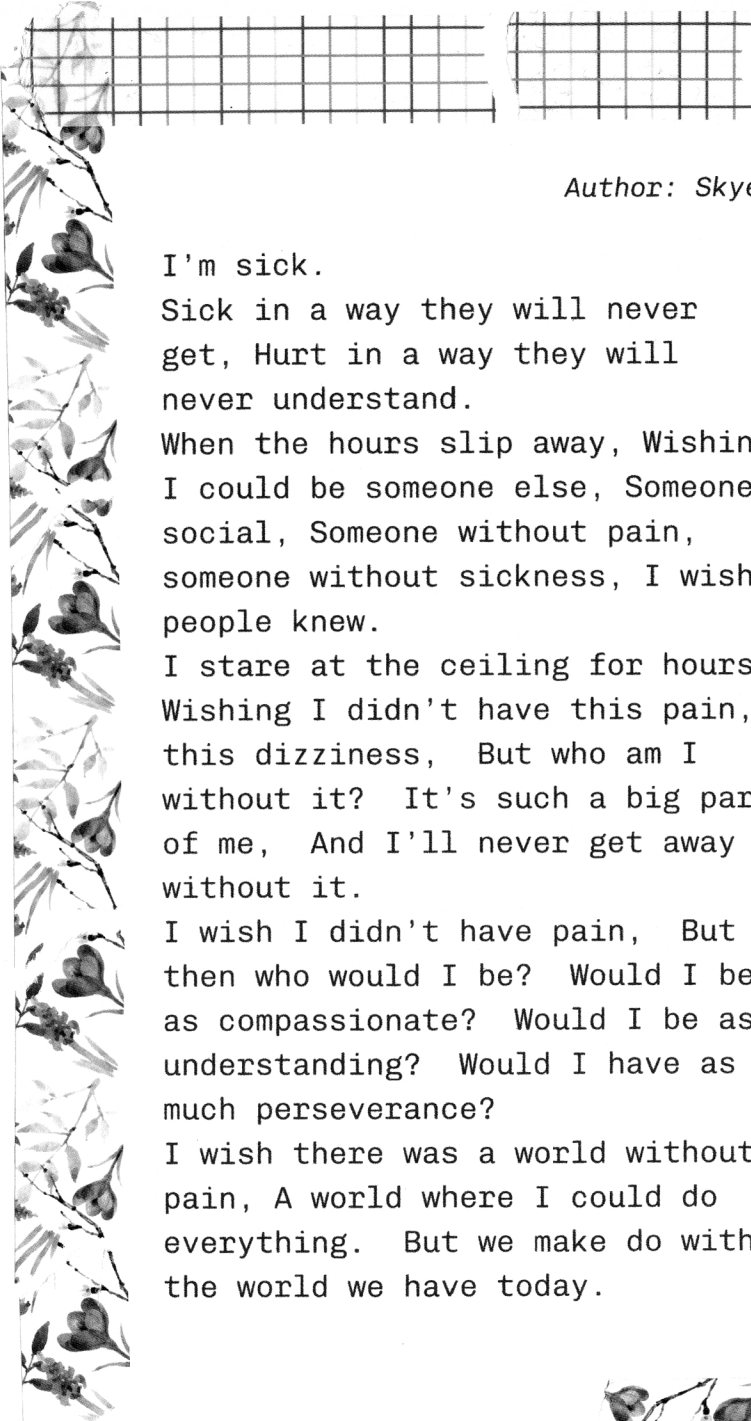
more than my anxieties; I am too much
thing; I am enough; I am not defined
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please

know safety
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barrier (bar' i ēr) n. Anything that prevents or obstructs passage or advance. Syn. Bar, barricade, hindrance, obstacle, obstruction, restraint. Ant. Entrance, opening, passage.



Author: Skye

I'm sick.

Sick in a way they will never
get, Hurt in a way they will
never understand.

When the hours slip away, Wishing
I could be someone else, Someone
social, Someone without pain,
someone without sickness, I wish
people knew.

I stare at the ceiling for hours,
Wishing I didn't have this pain,
this dizziness, But who am I
without it? It's such a big part
of me, And I'll never get away
without it.

I wish I didn't have pain, But
then who would I be? Would I be
as compassionate? Would I be as
understanding? Would I have as
much perseverance?

I wish there was a world without
pain, A world where I could do
everything. But we make do with
the world we have today.



Author: Taylor Coffey

I can choose to hide myself.
I can choose to cover up.
I can choose who can see the real me.
But I can also choose to be myself
I can choose to be proud.
And I can choose to be brave.
I didn't choose to be born this way but,
I choose to make it mine.



About the Writer:

I am 15 and struggle with both
mental and physical
disabilities. When I was
younger I was often bullied for
being different and sticking out
in the crowd, but after I found
my supports and the people who
truly value me, I feel I can
truly express myself.

You can find more of
Taylor's art on
Instagram @ttaylorspaw



Author: Steve Bates

"Barriers" in the realm of disability and accessibility are rarely just physical.

They are systemic, emotional, and often invisible—manifesting as institutional gaps and societal assumptions about what a disabled person can achieve.

My 14-year-old son, Vincent, faces an extraordinary challenge with terminal muscular dystrophy, a journey that began with a late diagnosis at age 9.

The subsequent emotional toll ended my relationship with his mother, even as we remained committed co-parents for Vincent's well-being.

It left me searching for solutions that current institutions simply wouldn't or couldn't provide.

In the face of institutional limitations and overwhelming grief, time offered no solace.

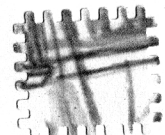
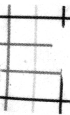
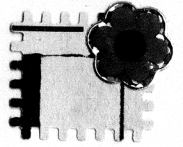
I realized that "time does not heal wounds, action does."

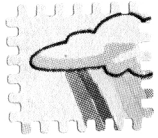
To move beyond my emotional paralysis and the practical barriers facing a disabled child, we needed a solution, a new way to connect.



About the authors: Mitchell and Jamie Nye

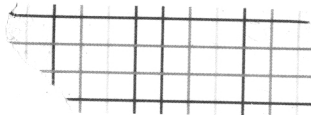
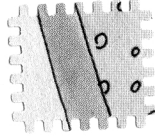
Even as a toddler Mitchell was so kind, an intensely empathetic child. He had a curious wisdom about him that was routinely noticed by people of spiritual knowledge, whether they were gurus, gypsies, or men of faith. He was an accomplished skateboarder and snowboarder by age three, and a world famous child actor by age 10. And always we would find his poems here and there, words of a master scrawled in his child's hand. This poem is one of many. When Mitchell got schizophrenia a few years back I grieved terribly the loss of his poetic self, that is somehow locked away. This poem is impossible to date, as it's written on the backside of a song I wrote in 1996. He just told me he wrote it 5 years ago, but it's hard to know. Caring for Mitchell has been frightening, exhausting, and a journey through the stages of grief. After much work his kind nature and sense of humour has returned. We still contend with his imaginative take on the world, but grateful for where things are. We wait and hope he will get well, One Day.



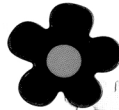


Author: Mitchell Nye (submitted
by mother, Jamie Nye)

A waterway of emotions is not a way
To happiness, MPP
Nor is it a sign of weakness.
To be liked is in fact an alright way of living.
No man should see fit the end of another man
To consummate the courageous acts.

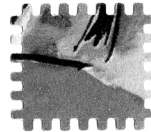


....One Day

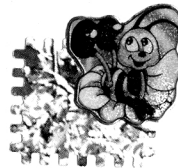


Author: Jamie Nye

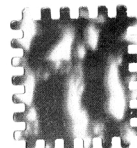
The man he stalks,
The darkened field.
The swirling mists
Obscure his features
And intent.



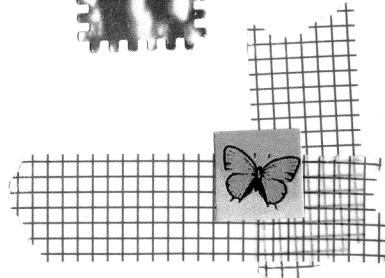
I watch the man,
He is unknown to me,
I see him turn
Takes steps towards my watching place.



The break of dawn
Dim light on shade,
And the grey slightly lifts.



The man is close,
I see him now!
And he falls,
Into my waiting arms.



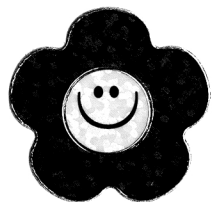
We found our path in
the trading card hobby
space.

Bonding over Pokémon
cards was not just a
distraction; it was an
intentional step
forward. This shared
pursuit became a
powerful metaphor for
accessibility-In this
community, the typical
barriers vanish; skill
is measured by
strategy, enthusiasm,
and shared passion,
not physical strength.
Crucially, this is not
just about Vincent's
future; we aim to grow
this initiative into a
structured nonprofit
organization to help
others with life
altering disabilities
find their voice and
community.
This venture has built
bridges where grief
had left chasms.

Our shared journey has already amassed a substantial amount of funding in just seven months, a testament to the community's support. While our financial gains are yet unrealized, the human connection is profound. Vincent's Pokémon journey is now gaining recognition from major influencers in the hobby, like "Deep Pocket Monster".



This venture proves that moving beyond barriers means finding creative solutions and building your own bridges where current institutions fall short. It is a powerful reminder that connection, purpose, and community action can transform grief into forward momentum.



About the writer:

My name is Steven Bates, Father to Vincent Hogan-Bates.

At age 16 I was diagnosed with ADHD, Bi-Polar Disorder, and Clinical Depression, at age 20 I was placed on disability support.

At 22 I had my first child, Vincent, and wouldn't realize until 9 years later that he would be disabled physically with terminal Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy while I struggled with cognitive and emotional barriers.



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